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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

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Home is the sacred refuge of our life.
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THE MYSTIFIED MESSENGER.

There were comparatively few persons who knew that George Gleason, the favorite express messenger of the P. C. & St. L. Road, was a somnambulist. His strange freaks, performed during a somnambulistic trance, were known to a small circle of friends and associates, who mentioned them not when our hero was appointed to the position he was destined to fill with honor.

For two years he ran his car without incident, no train robbers attacking it, and he became the favorite messenger of the road. Strange to say, during the time, while he dozed often in his car, he did not once fall into the somnambulistic state, and he was congratulating himself that the singular trances had left him altogether, when occurred the incident I am about to relate.

His downward run on the night express extended from Coshocton to Springfield, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. There were few stations of importance on the route, and the train made but two halts between the two cities. The officers of the road were, at the date of our story, and still are, careful men of business, jealous of their patrons' interest, and gentlemen of integrity. When robberies became common on other roads, the messengers of the P. C. & St. L. were sure to receive orders demanding extra precaution, and it was to the obedience of these orders that much of the popularity of the road was attributed.

"Hello!" exclaimed messenger Gleason one evening, while looking over the columns of the Cleveland *Herald*, "the express car of C. C. C. & I. contained at 8:30 0001 That's a good haul. Why don't the thieves try my car? Here I've been on the road for two years, and never for a moment has the safety of a dollar in my hands been jeopardized."

He considered himself one of the luckiest messengers in the country, and, with the paper in his hand, stepped into the express car, which a moment later moved out of Coshocton. It was a beautiful autumn evening, and the messenger sat at the open side door, enjoying a cigar, until the sun went down, and darkness fell over the earth. Then he shut the door, lighted the lamps, and saw that everything was safe. He knew the value of the contents of the company's safes, and he thought what a haul thieves would make if they would successfully burglarize his car on the present trip. But he felt secure, for he dropped into his chair and fell asleep.

The train had a run of forty-nine miles before the messenger would again be called to service, and he thought of this, perhaps, when he settled into the chair, resolved upon a doze. By-and-by he rose, and his eyelids parted. He walked directly to the safes, which stood side by side, and opening the combination locks threw wide the burglar-proof doors. Then he took forth valuable package after package, until he had emptied the strongholds of their treasures. It is safe to say that messenger Gleason deprived the safes of money and other valuables to the aggregate of seventy thousand dollars.

After doing this he closed the doors, and with the packages walked out of the car to the tender. It was filled with coal, black and grim, and the heavy smoke of the engine, the toy of the smart breeze blowing, beat against his face. But he did not seem to heed it, for he climbed upon the tender with one hand, and deliberately secreted the packages among the coal in one corner. Having accomplished this singular task, he returned to the express car, washed his hands, which had been begrimed by the lumps of coal, and retired to his chair, where he breathed like a sleeping man.

George Gleason, in a state of somnambulism, had robbed the safes, and their iron doors guarded the messenger's books and a few old papers of little value. He slept for half an hour longer, when he awoke and rubbed his eyes. His first action thereafter was to consult his watch.

"We're approaching Grafton," he said to himself, and drew another cigar from his pocket for a quiet smoke. A minute later the fragrance from a "Flor del Fumar" filled the car, and the messenger was half enveloped in smoke. Grafton was yet nineteen miles away.

All at once Gleason heard his name pronounced, and turned quickly in his chair. He sprang to his feet a moment afterwards, and, as the half-consumed cigar fell to the floor, his hand sought the pocket that held a revolver. For there stood before him two men whose dark masks hung far below their chins.

"Don't draw, Mr. Gleason," said one of the strangers, and the messenger saw a revolver covering his head. "We don't want to be so ungentlemanly as to slay you here. The road can't spare you, indeed it can't!"

Gleason's hand shrank away from the pocket it had touched, and he looked at the men for a moment in silence.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"What most men earnestly desire—money!"

"I have none."

"But the safes have."

"Then open them if you can," said the messenger with a smile.

"With your assistance we will," answered one of the masked men, who until that moment had not spoken. "Mr. Gleason, we didn't come here to parley, and, as we mean business, we proceed to it at once. You have the keys, and will oblige by producing them."

The young messenger looked twice into the eyes of the men, and once into the muzzle of the revolver before he displayed the keys.

"Here they are," he said extending them.

"No, no, Gleason," was the response, and the twinkle of the dark eyes told our messenger that the face beneath the mask was smiling. "It's a combination lock, you see, and we happen to be ignorant of the cabalistic word—your sesame. Open the doors for us, if you please."

Gleason saw that pleading would avail him naught. There was stern determination in the robber's tone; death in the depth of the black eyes. He had often read of such burglaries; how cashiers were made to open the safes of their own banks and throw thousands at the feet of the robbers. He had never dreamed that such an event would happen in express car No. 56, much less that he would be compelled to assist in robbing the patronizing public. But he was at the mercy of the villains, and his life was in startling jeopardy. He came forward with pale face, and stopped before the safes.

"Be lively about it," said one of the men. "You know the locks like a book, and we know how to treat a man who obeys our orders with alacrity. We give you two minutes' grace in which to work. If at the end of that time the doors do not swing open, the P. C. & St. L. will lose her best messenger!"

The imperilled man did not reply, but fell to work on the locks. The combination was quite intricate, but Gleason was familiar therewith, and in less than a minute's time he opened the first door.

"Now for the packages," said one of the men.

The messenger put forth his hand, unlocked an inner door, and started back aghast. The money pocket of the safe was empty.

"What's up, Gleason?" exclaimed a mask, looking at the messenger with astonishment. Gleason intimated that [illegible] receptacle, almost too unmanly to speak, and the robbers exchanged strange glances.

"Open the other safe!" commanded one. The messenger obeyed. It, too, was moneyless.

"George Gleason, we want no trifling. You know where the money is!"

"How should I know?" cried the messenger, mystified more than the robbers. "Did I know that you were coming, and secrete the money? If so, who betrayed you? Here are my books; look at them for yourself. I swear to you that there was seventy thousand dollars' worth of express matter in the safes when we left Coshocton. I haven't left the car for one moment, though I have dozed; but, like the cat, a footstep, however soft, will rouse me. You ask me where the money is; I throw the question back at you. Upon pain of death I could not tell you!"

He ceased, and the foremost robber said: "This bears me. I believe you, George Gleason. Somebody has robbed the safes before we struck. They did it while you slept. Will you slacken the speed of the train?"

The messenger seized the bell rope, and the speed of the train began to diminish.

"Now, good night, Gleason," said the disappointed robbers, moving to the sliding door. "We hope the company won't discharge you for sleeping at your post. Of course we are disappointed—we expected to make a big haul to-night."

The next moment they sprang from the car, and the messenger heard a prolonged whistle. Then he saw the bell-rope moving, and the train fast returned to its usual speed. He fell back into his chair completely mystified. He could not imagine who had robbed the safes, whose empty pockets stared at him from one corner of the car. His thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the conductor, who bounded into his presence.

"They did it, eh? Money all gone? Curse the fiends! They had a man on each platform, masked and armed. How much did they get? They came on board as passengers."

"Not a dollar!" said Gleason.

The conductor looked at the safes, and then at the man, whom he seemed to regard as mad.

The train was stopped, and as the messenger had told his story search for the packages began. It came to an abrupt and happy termination. The engineer placed the lost valuables in Gleason's hands.

"Bob, the fireman, saw you climb on to the coal into the tender, and then you stuffed all these envelopes into one corner. When you went back into your car we pulled 'em out, and intended to keep 'em for you till we got to Grafton. Why, you had your eyes open, but Bob and me knew you were in a walking trance."

Thus spoke the engineer, and the reader may imagine with what thankfulness the messenger received the envelopes, not one of whose original number was missing.

I do not know whether the robbers ever learned the story of the missing valuables or not, but I do know that since that night George Gleason has not been a somnambulist.

The vainest men are often the most self-deprecating.

THE ROMANCE OF ACCIDENT.

Many of our most important inventions and discoveries owe their origin to the most trivial circumstances. The trial of two robbers before the court of Assizes of the Basses-Pyrenees accidentally led to a most interesting archæological discovery. The accused, Rivas, a shoemaker, and Bellier, a weaver, by armed attacks on the highways and frequent burglaries, had spread terror around the neighborhood of Sisteron. The evidence against them was clear; but no trace could be obtained of the plunder until one of the men gave a clew to the mystery. Rivas in his youth had been a shepherd boy, near that place, and knew the legend of the Trou du [illegible], a cavern on one of the mountains with sides so precipitous as to be almost inaccessible, and which no one was ever known to have reached. The commissary of police of Sisteron, after extraordinary labor, succeeded in scaling the mountain, and penetrated to the mysterious grotto, where he discovered an enormous quantity of plunder of every description. The way having been once found, the vast cavern was afterward explored by *swans*; and their researches brought to light a number of Roman medals of the third century, flint, hatchets, ornamented pottery, and the remains of ruminants of enormous size. These interesting discoveries, however, obtained no indulgence for the accused (inadvertent) pioneers of science, who were sentenced to twenty years' hard labor.

The discovery of gold in Nevada was made by some Mormon immigrants in 1850. Adventurers crossed the Sierras and set up their sluice-boxes in the canyons; but it was gold they were after, and they never suspected the existence of silver, nor knew it when they saw it. The bluish stuff which was so abundant, and which was silver ore, interfered with their operations and gave them the greatest annoyance. Two brothers named Grosch possessed more intelligence than their fellow-workers, and were the real discoverers of the Comstock lode; but one of them died from a pickax wound in the foot, and the other was frozen to death in the mountains. Their secret died with them. When at last, in the early part of 1859, the surface croppings of the lode were found, they were worked for the gold they contained, and the silver was thrown out as being worthless. Yet this lode since 1860 has yielded a large proportion of all the silver produced throughout the world. The silver mines of Potosi were discovered by an Indian accidentally pulling up a shrub, to the roots of which were attached some particles of the precious metal.

During the thirty years' war in Germany, the little village of Coserow, in the island of Usedom, on the Prussian border of the Baltic, was sacked by the contending armies, the villagers escaping to the hills to save their lives. Among them was a simple pastor named Schwerdler, and his pretty daughter Mary. When the danger was over, the villagers found themselves without houses, food or money. One day, we are told, Mary went up the Streckelberg to gather blackberries; but soon afterward she ran back joyous and breathless to her father, with two shining pieces of amber, each of very great size. She told her father that near the shore the wind had blown away the sand from a vein of amber; that she straightway broke off these pieces with a stick; that there was an ample store of the precious substance; and that she had covered it over to conceal the secret. The amber brought money, food, clothing and comfort; but those were superstitious times, and a legend goes that poor Mary was burned for witchcraft. At the village of Stausmen amber was first accidentally found by a rustic who was fortunate enough to turn some up with his plow.

A cooper in Carniola having one evening placed a new tub under a cropping spring, in order to try if it would hold water, when he came in the morning found it so heavy that he could hardly move it. At first the superstitious notions that are apt to possess the minds of the ignorant made him suspect that his tub was bewitched; but at last, perceiving a shining fluid at the bottom, he went to Laubach, and showed it to an apothecary, who immediately dismissed him with a small gratuity and bade him bring some more of the same stuff whenever he could meet with it. This the poor cooper frequently did, being highly pleased with his good fortune; till at length, the affair being made public, several persons formed themselves into a society in order to search further into the quicksilver deposits, thus so unexpectedly discovered, and which were destined to become the richest of their kind in Europe.

A KIND ACT REWARDED.—The bread on the waters has returned to a young lady in Clappertown, Pa., after a few years. On December 28, 1873, she met on a railroad train a lady who was very ill, and she kindly ministered unto her, taking care of her and accompanying her to her place of destination. When they parted, the sick woman offered to reward the young lady for her kindness and attention, but she would take nothing. The old woman wrote down the name and address, nodded familiarly to her, and said: "You will be paid some day." The young lady never saw her chance acquaintance again, but the sum of $90,000 has recently been bequeathed to her. The old woman had no relatives in this country, and left all her money to the girl who had befriended her.—*Reading (Pa) Eagle.*

The truest help we can render to an afflicted man is not to take his burden from him, but to call out his best strength, that he may be able to bear the burden.

[Elena Correspondence of the London Times.]

TURKS SACKING A TOWN.

We are in Elena after a sharp day's fighting, characterized, I am glad to say, by few of those acts of ferocity which have disgraced so many Turkish successes. There is not a stirner opponent to the Bashi-Bazouk system than Suleiman Pasha, but these Turkish and Circassian free lances have been raised by the central government into a situation quite beyond control, and any attempt at suppression would transform them even into less controlable brigands. We are in Elena, and the sack of the place is now in full swing. From the window of the house in which I have slept I look upon a picturesque enough scene. I hurriedly sketch down these notes, and which overlooks the long main street of this little town, I see the ruin progressing fast. To give an idea of the scene in this street it needs to be photographed in panorama and presented in its *ensemble*. Word-painting gives but a feeble notion of it, because the simultaneity of the incidents is lost. Thus, if I say that the Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians are battering doors and shutters with the butt-ends of their muskets, slashing window-frames to pieces with their yataghans, blowing off locks with their revolvers, throwing the contents of house and shop into the street, still it is only two or three houses that the reader pictures to himself, while what I want to describe is going on on both sides of the way all down the main street of Elena, which is a good deal more than a mile long. In the byways, too, so far as they lead themselves to such work, the depredators are at work howling and hooting, drunk with the joys of spoliation and red-hot with the excitement of destruction.

It had been intended to take precautions to prevent the sack of the town by irregulars. Three companies were to have been told off to protect the spoil from the hands of those who had done nothing to entitle them to participation in the loot; but in the excitement of the victory it was not carried out, and thus the irregulars are securing for themselves, or recklessly wasting, the great bulk of the booty. I was in so soon after the troops that when I went up the street it was comparatively empty. On a little bridge over a rivulet which crosses one end of the town lay three Russians dead, and the way was almost barred by a dead horse lying still harnessed to a broken fourgon; but as I went on the Bashis came rushing past and soon the street was filled. Shop after shop, houses and stables, all windows fired with cheese and Russian butter were thrown into the street; here sugar was the attraction, and the Bashis thrust the white sugar lumps by handfuls into their breasts and into the folds of their turbans, and when they were stuffed, scattered the rest about the street. It must have been a Bulgarian feast yesterday, for in all the grocers' and bakers' shops there was holiday cake, upon which the Bashis pounced with childish delight. Now a draper's shop was tapped, and the yarns and rougher goods were thrown out to be trampled under foot, while the long yards of calico and cloth were dragged forth, the pillagers chopping off with their yataghans such lengths as they could secure. From the vintners the casks of wine were rolled into the street and the heads stove in, bottles were hurled into the air and came smashing down among the crowd by the score. From time to time a troop of sacred pigs would come rushing into the street, hounded out of their styes by the side currents of the looters. Then there was a shout and a chase, and the poor beasts were bayoneted, or shot by rifles and revolvers recklessly fired among the crowd. Before a silk store lay an old Bulgar, shot through the chest, lying as he fell, and a little further, laid out stiff and straight under the projecting front of a cook's shop, was the body of a Russian, clad in shirt and drawers, clean and fine of texture, apparently the remains of some civil functionary.

DAVID GARRICK'S MARRIAGE.—In 1768 Garrick married the beautiful Mlle. Violetta, the dancer, the *protege* of my Lord and Lady Burlington. There was plenty of romance and mystery about this young lady. She had come over from Vienna a few years previously, disguised as a boy, and made her debut at the opera house in the Haymarket. She was immediately taken under the protection of Lady Burlington, whose daughters used to frequently stand at the wings with wraps to throw around her when she came off from the dance. Her debut had been patronized by the king himself, and the noblest houses were thrown open to her. Some said she was a natural daughter of Lord Burlington, whom he discovered while travelling abroad from her likeness to her mother, a lady to whom he was devotedly attached; others, that she was the illegitimate offspring of some noble Austrian. Be this as it may, she was received into the best of society. Seeing Garrick play one night, she fell desperately in love with him. They met in society, and afterward in secret. But Lady Burlington was violently opposed to the match. The story of Robertson's play of "David Garrick" is said to be founded upon an incident of this love affair; but the real catastrophe was very different from the fictitious one; for the countess, touched by the actor's generous self-sacrifice, gave her consent to the marriage. Ten thousand pounds were settled upon the bride—£6,000 by the Burlingtons, £4,000 by Garrick himself. They took up their abode in Southampton street, Strand, a not unfashionable neighborhood then. The house is still standing, No. 27, and the little back room in which they used to breakfast is said to be little changed.

[From General Brisbin's "Recollections."]

WADE AND TOOMBS.

A Rich Anecdote.

Wade one day replied to Toombs, of Georgia, and to all appearances used language which would compel Toombs to challenge him. Several friends went to Wade and begged him to desist, but the old man grew more and more violent, until Toombs indicated his intention of calling Wade to an account for the language he was using, when Wade quietly sat down, seemingly having accomplished his object. The Southern men looked at each other in surprise, and it was manifest to everyone that Wade had literally coerced a quarrel with Toombs. That night a friend of the Southern Senator called on Mr. Wade to know if he would retract the offensive language he had used.

"No, I won't take back a word," was Wade's emphatic reply.

"Then," said the friend of Mr. Toombs, "it will be necessary for Senator Toombs to challenge you to mortal combat."

"That is just what I want, and we might have got to this point without all this palaver," said Wade.

"You surely cannot be in earnest, Mr. Wade," said the Southerner.

"Why, of course I am. You see, sir, we Northern men don't like to fight. Now, I am opposed to the code, and so are my constituents; but you fellers have broke Sumner's head, and we must spunk up or you will break all our heads. The shortest way to end this matter is to kill off a few of you, and I have picked upon old Toombs as my man; he will have to challenge me. Then, of course, I will have the choice of weapons, and I will take my old rifle and —— me if I don't bring him down at the first crack."

When Toombs heard of what Wade said, he replied: "I can't challenge him; if I do he will kill me." It appears that Toombs and Wade had been out together shooting with a rifle several times, and while Toombs could shoot well with a pistol, he was a poor rifle shot. Wade was an old hunter, and, at a distance of a hundred yards, could hit a dollar almost every shot.

Mr. Wade afterward said to the writer: "If old Toombs had challenged me that time, as I expected he would, I would have made him put a patch on his coat the size of a dollar, on his heart, and the old fellow would have got demoralized when he saw me drawing a bead on it, and missed me, while, ——, me, if I wouldn't have bet my life on hitting the old cuss every time." Not only did Mr. Toombs refuse to challenge Wade, but no Southern member could ever be induced to send him a challenge, no matter what he might say.

A SPEECHLESS RACE OF MEN.—Dr. Field's book on Java says: "This part of the world would delight Mr. Darwin by the strange races it contains, some of which approach the animal tribes. In the Island of Rhio the Resident assured me there were wild men who lived in trees, and had no language but cries; and in Sumatra the Resident of Palembang said there were men who lived in the forests, with whom not only the Europeans, but even the Malays, could have no intercourse. He himself had never seen one; yet, strange to say, they have a petty traffic with the outer world, yet not through the medium of speech. They live in the woods, and live by the chase. They hunt tigers—not with the gun—but with a weapon called a sumpitan, which is a long tube, out of which they blow arrows with such force, and that are so keen of point, and touched with such deadly poison, that the wound is almost immediately fatal. These tiger skins or elephant tusks they bring for barter—not for sale—they never sell anything, for money is about the most useless thing they could have; they cannot eat it, or drink it, or wear it. But as they have wants they exchange, yet they themselves are never seen. They bring what they have to the edge of the forest, and leave it there, and the Malays come and place what they have to dispose of, and retire. If the offer is satisfactory, when the Malays return they find what they brought gone, and take what is left and depart. If not, they add a few trifles more to tempt the eyes of these wild men of the woods, and so at last the exchange is effected, yet all the while the sellers keep themselves invisible. This mode of barter argues honesty on both sides."

CAMPBELL'S TOAST TO NAPOLEON.—This, told of Thomas Campbell, is very neat, as illustrating the sentiment with which the authors of the old days regarded their publishers. At a literary dinner Campbell asked leave to propose a toast, and gave the health of Napoleon Bonaparte. The war was at its height, and the very mention of Napoleon's name, except in conjunction with some uncomplimentary epithet, was, in most cases, regarded as an outrage. A storm of groans burst out, and Campbell with difficulty could get a few sentences heard. "Gentlemen," he said, "you must not mistake me. I admit that the French Emperor is a tyrant. I admit that he is a monster. I admit that he is the foe of our own nation, and, if you will, of the whole human race. But, gentlemen, we must be just to our great enemy. We must not forget that he once shot a book-seller." The guests, of whom two out of every three lived by their pens, burst into a roar of laughter, and Campbell sat down in triumph.

The fountain of beauty is the heart, and every generous thought illustrates the walls of the chamber.

It is backward and downward with the wicked—it is onward and upward with the righteous.

MARVELS OF MEMORY.

The following examples of the marvels of memory would seem entirely incredible, had they not been given to us upon the highest authority:

Cyrus knew the name of each soldier in his army. It is also related of Themistocles that he could name every citizen of Athens, although the number amounted to 200,000. Mithridates, King of Pontus, knew all of his 80,000 soldiers by their names. Sophia knew all the inhabitants of Rome. Seneca complained of old age because he could not, as formerly, repeat 2,000 names in the order in which they were named to him, and he stated that on one occasion, when at his studies, 200 unconnected verses having been repeated by the different pupils of his preceptor, he repeated them in a reversed order, proceeding from the last to the first.

Lord Granville could repeat, from beginning to end, the New Testament in the original Greek. Cooke, the tragedian, is said to have committed to memory all the contents of a large daily newspaper. Racine could recite all the tragedies of Euripides. It is said that George III. never forgot a face he had once seen nor a name he had ever heard. Miranda would commit to memory the contents of a book by reading it three times, and could frequently repeat the words backward as well as forward. Thomas Cranmer, in three months, committed to memory an entire translation of the Bible. Euler, the mathematician, could repeat the Æneid; and Leibnitz, when an old man, could recite the whole of Virgil, word for word. It is said that Bossuet could repeat not only the whole Bible, but all of Homer, Virgil and Horace, besides many other works.

Mozart had a wonderful memory of musical sounds. When only fourteen years of age he went to Rome to assist in the solemnities of Holy Week. Immediately after his arrival he went to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous "Miserere" of Allegro. Being aware that it was forbidden to take a copy of this renowned piece of music, Mozart placed himself in a corner, and gave the strictest attention to the music, and on leaving the church noted down the entire piece. A few days afterward he heard it a second time, and, following the music with his own copy in his hand, satisfied himself of the fidelity of his memory. The next day he sang the "Miserere" at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord, and the performance produced such a sensation in Rome that Pope Clement XIV. requested that this musical prodigy should be in-

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[From the Bainbridge (Penn.) Era.]

AN ASTOR DYING A BEGGAR.

Forty or forty-five years ago Bainbridge was the scene of a tragic event. A woman named Fessler, who was addicted to drinking, and who kept her bottle hid in a barrel of tow, went one evening with a lighted candle to get her usual evening dram, when by some accident the candle came into too close contact with the tow, and the tow caught fire first, then the clothing of the unfortunate woman was ignited, and she was burned so badly that death ensued. That woman was a sister of John Jacob Astor, the New York millionaire.

Yorick Sherer, father of John Sherer, who recently died in Bainbridge, was acquainted with the family in Germany, and on one occasion, some years before Mrs. Fessler's death, was sent by his employer, John Haldeman, to New York, to acquaint John Jacob with the circumstances of his sister. On arriving at New York (he travelled on foot), he at once proceeded to the millionaire and claimed recognition; but the rich man knew him not, and he returned without any encouragement for the poor woman.

Shortly afterward a remittance of $50 came to Henry Haldeman, by whom it was paid to the woman. This remittance was continued for some years, but finally ceased. When the woman died there were two children—one boy and one girl. The girl was taken to New York to be educated at Astor's expense, but she became homesick, and did not remain there long. The boy was simple-minded, and years after the death of Mrs. Fessler, a man—wandering in mind—lived a whole summer under the roots of an overturned tree along the banks of the river near Locust Grove, and died there, and was buried along the shore of the river, about midway between Locust Grove and Haldeman's lime kiln. At the time of his death many supposed him to be the son of Mrs. Fessler. The bones of the woman now lie in an old graveyard near Bainbridge.

A SPLENDID JEWEL.—Among the jewels presented by Lord Rosebery to his intended wife, Miss Rothschild, was the largest sapphire known. It was brought to England some time ago in its rough state, and for a long time remained unsalable, as the dealers fancied they saw in it a flaw. At length one, more courageous than the others, purchased it for $4,000, taking all the risk. On being sent to the polishers, it was found that the defect was barely skin deep. Lord Rosebery paid $10,000 for it, precisely the same price as the Duke of Westminster paid some years ago for the largest known turquoise. The sapphire is about the size of a large walnut; the turquoise, a flatter stone, has a somewhat larger surface.

Liberality, courtesy, benevolence, unselfishness, under all circumstances and towards all men—these qualities are to the world what the linchpin is to the rolling chariot.

There are 8,000,000 dairy cows in the United States.

BURR AND KENT.—Chancellor Kent used to relate how Aaron Burr called to see him one day, and, saying that he was on his way to Albany, offered to attend to any commissions of Mr. Kent's. Kent was naturally flattered by this attention from so distinguished a man. "Nothing was said about politics, though I had been elected on the federal ticket a member of assembly from the county of Dutchess. When I went home to dinner that day I said to my wife, with much self-satisfaction. 'Betsy, who do you think has been to see me to-day?' She said, 'I don't know; who has?' I said, 'Aaron Burr, *Colonel Burr*,' and then related to her our conversation and the kind offer of professional assistance tendered to me. In a few days Col. Burr, on his way to New York on his return, again called and said he would be glad to be of service to me in New York if I had any business in the way of law that he could do for me there. The legislature then sat in New York, and soon after I took my seat in the following spring in the Assembly, I received a note from Col. Burr, wishing me to take breakfast with him. Not long afterward I received another invitation, this time to take dinner with him. The day arrived for the election of United States Senator, and a member of Assembly boarding at the same house with me, came, in the morning, into my room and said, 'Mr. Kent, you know we are to choose a United States Senator to-day.' I said, 'Yes, I know.' 'I suppose,' he said, 'you are going to vote for our friend, Col. Burr?' 'No,' I quickly replied: 'I am going to vote for my old friend, Gen. Schuyler.'" And here the chancellor used to conclude with great emphasis: *"That was the first time I suspected what the fellow was after."*

SHAKSPEARE'S GAUNTLETS.—Mr. Horace Howard Furness, of Philadelphia, owns a pair of ancient leather gauntlets heavily worked in gold which have a memorable history. They were William Shakspeare's, and were given to Garrick, in 1769, by a lineal descendant of Anne Shakspeare's family. The donor told Garrick that, according to the unbroken tradition of the family, they had frequently been worn by Shakspeare. Davy Garrick valued them above all his other Shakspearean treasures, and his widow bequeathed them to Mrs. Siddons. She left them to her daughter, Mrs. Combe, and Mrs. Combe bequeathed them to Mrs. Francis Kemble, who gave them to Mr. Furness.

Correspondence.

FOR THE GAZETTE.

NOTES OF EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Saint Germain, a town of some 15,000 inhabitants, and situated about 12 miles west from Paris, is a very interesting town to visit, more particularly so when taking into consideration its historical reminiscences. The residences are not so attractive as those of some of the environs of the city, yet the palace, which was built in 1370 by Charles V., and added to by one or two of his successors, is most admirably situated, and shows to great advantage. The interior is stately and antique-looking; the apartments are large and most gorgeously embellished. One thing that is well calculated to please the eye of an American is the great forest, which is decidedly more forest-looking than any one I saw in Europe. The trees are so large and lofty and everything so natural, not having that trimmed-up appearance of Hampton Court and other parks, nor are they in precise rows, squares and circles, as one so often sees on the Continent. Here all nature is left to take care of itself, and is not twisted, bowed, trimmed and cramped by art. The great lack of statues, vases, waterfalls and other fancies that so freely abound in the city and in some of the other suburban cities is certainly a pleasant relief from the monotony; and the park that is in connection with the palace is also left to nature to beautify it. It is such a great pleasure to visit Saint Germain in the summer, for wherever you walk you are shaded by those noble forest trees.

That which makes the town historically interesting, and the palace particularly so, is the fact that here Henry II. of England was born, here was where he died on the 16th of September, 1701. His daughter died in this palace, and so also did his wife—the latter in 1718. And that which makes this town and palace still more noted is that here Henry II. of France was born, and likewise his son, that notorious character, Charles IX., of Saint Bartholomew notoriety, and so also Louis XIV., who was called by the French ("Dieu-donne"). All the gifts worth having must have been disposed of when Louis XIV. was arrived at. As a proof of his very despotic disposition, he reigned some fifty years without a prime minister, and his favorite expression was, *"L'etat cet moi!"* ("The state is I," or "I am the state,"), and his administration of fifty-four years proved to the French that his words were not without meaning. At one time there was a custom that rendered Saint Germain a place of great resort, and that was *Les Fetes Champetres*, (the rural fairs), which occurred in August and September, and were held in the forest. On these occasions vast crowds would leave Paris on Sunday to attend them, and the dissipation was only equalled by that of the great Sunday fairs that are now to be seen in Germany—for instance, at Manich, Bavaria, where they run races, have side-shows, and the King awards the prizes. But, let it be said to the credit of the French, such fairs have long since gone out of vogue.

VOYAGEUR.